NEWSPAPER FILES IN LIBRARIES. A Problem Constantly Becoming More

Puzzling. New York Post. Public libraries in this city have not to struggle with the problem that now confronts the British Museum authoritiesthat of storing innumerable newspaper files in a limited space. Keeping a complete file of all the important newspapers seems here abandoned long ago. In the Astor Library, for instance, not even complete files of all the city newspapers are kept; a selection of the most worthy of preservation has been of bullet and shell. made, and these, of course, are bound and put on the shelves with the utmost care. "We have no space problem to deal with," said Mr. Judd, of the Astor Library. to keep files even of all the American newspapers. That, as a matter of course, is out of the question. We file, regularly, certain morning papers and certain evening papers printed in New York. We have also on file certain important newspapers printed in

two French papers on file, two German papers, and some English papers; and to these we have added a few other European newspapers. Our selection seems to meet the wants of our patrons, and we are content with it. "We keep the files in convenient places in the reference departments: they have not yet been troublesome, though, of structure and shattered it from cellar course, they are already of considerable The file of the Evening Post is the oldest we have. It is complete, I think, from the year of its establishment, 1801, to | ton turnpike stretching its red length westpresent. The files are in continuous use by persons who are making researches

reason or another. We regard the collection, though it is not extensive, as adequate to all purposes. They have a newspaper collection at the Lenox Library which is larger. I have not heard, howably larger; it is gathered in what is

be found files of the last century, such as the Astor library lacks; and here the historical writers make their way for such l are carefully preserved. There is "quite a cail" for them, as it was said; the collection is said to be a good one. It is not however, complete, even so far as the newspapers of the last century are con-Nowhere in the country, outside of the Congressional Library at Washington, it was said, is an effort being made to keep

such files as are to be found in the Britnewspaper possessions in hundreds of yards. Nowadays, so many newspapers are printed that to house all the issues, even of one State, would be a large undertaking. It is so large, in fact, that no library thinks of it. The task of selection is a delicate one; it is difficult, it was pointed out, to determine what is valuable, or what will be valuable to posterity, and what is invalu-

"The antiquarian of the future," it was said, "will find a mass of material for his research work. Two hundred years from the present, if the newspaper files withstand all the forces and all the chances against them, they will have accumulated to such proportions that the librarians will have a problem, indeed. It is not to be doubted that they will not all survive. Some of them must, for the sake of the best, be destroyed. In those counted now most trustworthy, what a mine of information will be found! What a mass of contradictions, not only in matters of opinion but in matters of fact, the antiquarians will have to struggles against! This thought makes the selection of the fittest all the more

Files of newspaper clippings are kept complete papers. They are kept under various heads, the related subjects being kept together. In the Astor Library, they have many "scrap books" of this kind, but they are not kept for the use of the public The officials of the library find them convenient, and the books are kept more for their information than for anything else. It may be, it was said to-day, that, ultimately, files like these will replace the whole sheets. The suggestion is to be recemended, it was thought, because of its convenience and its compactness.

MALE AND FEMALE DIAMONDS.

Curious Properties of the Gems Account for This Term.

A short time ago a certain jeweler's window in Rue de la Paix, Paris, exhibited ging proprietor was called upon to of selling them. explain the remarkable diversity of color. known to the trade, and is specially manuic hues of the large African mine dia- say, contains many pounds of lead. On this literature and the thought and action of he picked up a sparkler here and there with his diamond tweezers, was very inter-

is a black diamond," said he. light a rich golden brown. After exposure nous in the dark for a time, but a candle flame develops its luster more than any "Here is a grass-green diamond," went

on the speaker; "its brilliance and fire exceed any emerald's known. This is for an "Look at this spray of colored diamonds Isn't it a charming piece of jewelry, with einnamon-colored jewels? A Tyrolese spent

"This rich deep red, like a ruby, onl more beautiful, is extremely rare and The Russian Emperor has pur-

chased this, and also the peach-blow tinted a thing as the red one, and these The West Indian trade prefer this line, and all of these others are white, nearly colorless and perfectly transparent,

and resemble a drop of clear water. "Do they break? The old theory about the hardness of the diamond is greatly modified. Some of these gems are so brittle that I could crack them by dropping them on the floor. I can pulverize them in a mortar or split them with a knife in the direction of their clevage lines. These diamonds make the microscopic lenses, their magnifying power is so superior to that of glass.'

He bent over the gems a moment and picking up a beautiful white stone of a couple of carats, turned again to his listen-

"Did you ever know there was sex in lewels?" he asked; "here is a curiosity." and under a strong magnifying glass he monds clustered about the edge of the stone, but unperceivable without the lens. "The male gem never gathers these little buds," the jeweler continued; "this is called the female, or multiplying diamond. And the female stone is not only more brilliant, but of greater size and less prone "The largest and best-known diamon in history and collections are all female

jewels. Strange, isn't it?" An Artist's Idea.

mous picture. "The Light of the World." will tell you frankly, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I gave that cast of counce to the Master because, after study-Anglo-Saxon. I always found Mr. Gladstone a confirmed opponent of this view,
and we had many a debate over the subfect."

Anglo-Saxon. I always found Mr. Gladstone a confirmed opponent of this view,
and we had many a debate over the subthe heavy woods framing the picture anlost, wound up the senator.

I always found Mr. Gladstone a stout old be seen a stout old the United States show into the same seat could be seen a stout old th

RUN BATTLEFIELD

WHAT VISITORS TO CIVIL WAR ARENA IN VIRGINIA CAN SEE.

Earth and Trees Still Yield Grim Mementoes of the Conflict-Little Change in Surroundings.

R. L. Ditmars, in New York Times. After nearly forty years the veteran the civil war may stand on the battlefield of "Bull Run" in Virginia, looking over that great arena of grassy fields, rolling on all sides toward heavy timber, and realize that the picture was exactly the same in 1861, when the signal gun announced the fight was on. And upon this scene, where the Union army met its two greatest deto have been regarded as hopeless, and feats, curiosity seekers have roamed and hunted since 1865, yet tokens of the fight are still found upon the field in the shape

The visitor approaches the battlefield from Manassas, a quiet town on the Southern Railway. It is a six-mile drive and to-day. "We have never made any attempt partly through the woods. Suddenly the latter come to an end, and a panorama of lovely country spreads itself before the eye. With one who has perused descriptions of this historic place, the various other large cities in this country. We have points of interest spring suddenly into view. To the veteran the scene brings back old memories with a rush. Before him stands the "Stone house;" on Young's creek the "Henry house," which has been rebuilt into the same form it presented when Ricketts turned his guns upon the attic to drive out Confederate sharpshooters. And immediately in front the Warrenward toward Groveton and eastward to the

Driving along the fence, bordering the Henry house plateau, the visitor arrives ever, that they are put out to any great | abruptly at a gate leading into the grounds on which a sign reads to the effect that as the grounds are private property, an encalled the "newspaper room," and contains | trance fee of 50 cents will be charged. The some interesting publications. Here are to house stands back some distance from the Arriving at the top of the grassy plateau, numerous sheep are seen grazing in all di-

> BULL RUN MONUMENT. The house is surrounded by a weatherbeaten fence, and beside it stands a monuof red stone, is about fifteen feet high and caliber. Facing the house is the inscription: "In Memory of the Patriots Who Fell at Bull Run, July 21, 1861." It was erected by a detachment of federal forces under the direction of General Gamble immediately after the close of the war. Resting Proper Familiarity Can Only Come in against the base of the stone shaft is a tablet bearing the words: "Both battles ended on these grounds.

The latter was put in place by members of the Grand Army of the Republic while visiting the battlefield in recent years. On are seen to stand here and there. These were all erected by Grand Army of the Republic veterans. Among the most interestng are: "Here Jackson was wounded and got the title of 'Stonewall';" "Location of the cavalry charge on the Fire Zouaves. July 21, 1861;" "General Bee was killed here." Many of the tablets pertain to the death of officers of high rank. On the writer's visit to the field he was

met at the house by A. L. Henry, partial owner of the grounds. "Many visitors, the majority of them veterans of the war, come from all over the country to roam about these fields," said Mr. Henry. "The majority come from the New England States. On the register at name of somebody from Massachusetts or Connecticut. I have planted no corn, nor have I cultivated the farm to any extent. Visitors would not care about tramping over plowed fields to points of interest, and, besides, corn or grain would hide the landscape to too great an extent. As it is now, the land is firm and smooth enough to drive over at any point, and my sheep, of which I have many, keep the grass grazed down to such an extent that the

plateau and its slopes look like a great "Our old house has been replaced. I remember when the lumber from its ruins lay than its parts, and different from its down there in the hollow as it was dragged away to make room for the new one. That lumber, torn and riddled by a heavy cannonade, was used for firewood, Since the time of its disposal hundreds of people have asked for a scrap of it as a souvenir. They all say, when I tell them what became of the old house: 'Why didn't a tray of diamonds whose extreme beauty you saw up the wood and sell the pieces | children of Israel, or sources for the study and brilliance attracted throngs of ad- as relics?' I have given many relics of miring passers-by, and many times a day | the field away but I don't make a business

"In front of the new house, which resem As a matter of fact, this tray is well bles the old one in almost every respect, factured to display the wonderful prismat- the war. Each one of them, it is safe to the book has played in shaping English

Approaching the tree, the writer observed worth twelve thousand five hundred francs. On the living portions the wounds had front of the house stands the trunk of once noble oak, now torn, riddled and dead. "That," said Mr. Henry, "is an illustraion of the fire our home was under." A FAMILY GRAVEYARD.

Standing about twenty-five feet in front its yellow, black, gray, green, indigo and them marks the grave of Mrs. Henry, who She was almost instantly killed during the heavy cannonading of the first fight. On the granite slab the inscription reads part: "The grave of our dear mother, Judith Henry; killed near this spot by the "almost as | explosion of shells in her dwelling, during the battle of the 21st of July, 1861." Buried beside Mrs. Henry are several of her

"Among our visitors," continued Mr Henry, "have been many army and naval field. Their first exclamation on reaching the top of this hill and looking over the sweep of country is, 'What a magnificent place for a fight!' "Do you still find many relics on

"I find them constantly," was the reply "although every visitor coming out this way searches most diligently for something in the shape of a relic. After heavy rains numerous articles are uncovered. vesterday I found a belt plate bearing the letters 'U. S.' Rusty bayonets are frequently turned up, while bullets are com-mon. They look like white pebbles, having become coated with a peculiar white corrosion. This does not seem to injure them. however, for a little scraping shows them

to be in good condition. While being shown about the place the writer approached a spot where, the guide explained, the dead lay buried in one long trench, extending some seventy-five feet. At the end of this a tiny stream was running, and, standing on the bank of this, the writer carelessly scraped a hollow in the soil with his foot, and there, hidden but an inch below the ground, was a human tooth, still firm and white-a mel-

From the Henry house the writer made his way toward Groveton. It was from there that the federal army advanced in the battle of 1861, which position was reversed in 1862. Past the old "Stone House" on Young's branch, which served as a pital for wounded soldiers, the way is over the Warrenton turnpike, heavy with this road after heavy storms that the retreat of the army toward Washington is still marked by pieces of cartridge boxes, antiquity had the fair hair, the blonde, though superficially bronzed, complexion, and the general cast of countenance of the battlefield of Groveton—another sweep of "No, but there was a suspicious

other monument can be seen. The stone shaft marks the site of one of the bloodiest scenes upon these fields. Facing the west, and almost erased in parts, is carved the following: "In Memory of the Patriots Who Fell at Groveton, Aug. 28, 29 and 30, 1862."

Living at the Dogan house, which has

been partially rebuilt since the war, are Mrs. M. E. Dogan, her three daughters, and her father, Amos Benson, an ex-Con-federate soldier. By the house stands the old barn, patched here and there, where, in the battle of 1862, the shells tore great holes through its sides. GARDEN BORDER OF RELICS. In front of the house are two little flower

gardens, and around these, rusty and corroded with age, are borders constructed of numerous cannon projectiles which have been plowed up in the fields. Among these odd decorations are shell cases of various bores and shapes, among which long shrapnel cases which have failed to explode, are prominent. Dozens of round shot and spherical shells from muzzle-loading pieces line the garden walk and form a mute illustration of the iron hail wnich swept across these hills.

"Hardly a day passes but what we are reminded of the war," said Farmer Benson. "It was about three days ago, I reckon, when I was using the crosscut saw with one of my men on a big log. The saw hit something hard and we had to split the wood. Inside we found the piece of an exploded shell case. The tree had grown over it and there were no marks on the out-

All through this peaceful countryside the spirit of the South still reigns supreme. Far from being a spirit of retaliation for a lost cause, it consists of a quiet love and veneration for things that are gone. The country people of Virginia, living on the land where armies have swept back and forth destroying their homes, revere every foot of soil on which they fought, and never tire telling the tales of war.

"Two years ago," said an old soldier of the "other side," living near Bull Run, "the Grand Army of the Republic vets came out yere on a visit. 'Twas bo't fo' o'clock in the afternoon when they came. They were a marchin'. I yere a bugle call come afloatin' over the hills by Henry's and, sir, it made my blood tingle powerful

This same old soldier went on to te with great delight how he had escorted the "Grand Army of Republic vets" over the field. "And they'd say," he exclaimed, "yere's whar we made that dev'lish charge and drove 'em back; and then I'd say, 'and thar's the road whar we drove you back. at a branch of the road. This terminates | Mebbe you'd like to walk along it to the Run, for the las' time you went that thar way you didn't have much time to see the Then I show 'em where we captured ten of their guns, and they'd say, 'Twas right yonder whar we came powerful near endin' the fight.' 'But,' says I, 'whar'd all you people go to?' 'Our reg'ment left the field in good order,' they'd say. Between this field and the scene of Get-

tysburg's three bloody days there is a vast

lifference. The latter struggle, vastly bene-

ficial to the Union, is marked by the Get-

tysburg National Park, where costly monu-

the first great struggle in those stirring days of war. KNOWING THE BIBLE.

the Old Way. New York Evening Post.

When he comes to suggesting remedies, President Thwing has little but a gentangible suggestion, viz., that of a "rational treatment of its contents," by printing the various sorts of literature-the history, the poetry, the letters, the prophecy -in volumes by themselves, seems to to show a misapprehension of the real lit erary value of the English Bible, and to grievous state of affairs we are consider-Thwing's former inquiry, we pointed out | the platform. that the most lamentable loss of the present generation is just the unreasoning, half-superstitious delight of the child in the wonderful stories and soaring imagery which, "trailing clouds of glory," surround the book in the man's mind with a magical look of expectancy on everybody's face. glamour. A study of it begun in maturity, no matter how sympathetic, can never send out such deep roots of affection and veneration. This old-fashioned love for the book can be reached only in the old-fashioned way, as Tennyson and Ruskin reached it, through the entranced, scious abandonment of the child, with no impertinent intrusion of the dissection and divisions of the higher criticism. For the real peril to the Bible as a force

in literautre is in the current habit of treating it as a collection of examples of Hebrew literature, or, briefly, in forgetting the fact that the English Bible is larger There is little danger to-day of is a misnomer. In the meantime, men are forgetting that the English Bible stands for more than the scientific history of the of comparative religion. Our Bible is not a "library of books." Such an attitude towards it may be necessary for the student of Hebrew literature or for the speone who would appreciate the part which even "irrational division into chapter verses" is necessary to this understanding would be fantastic, perhaps; but at any said that he would not believe the Bible if it were printed in paragraphs like any other book. Any paraphrase of the Bible into the thought of our generation will be On the other hand, if they will read it as our fathers did, it needs no one come from their sons for many generations it will go to the higher life, and as the same great monument of English literature. But the the kingdom of God, not through any pride

or satisfaction of the intellect, but through the simplicity and absorbed delight of the to forbid their children to have anything to do with a book which is used to bolster up what they consider monstrous trines. And, on the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church has not yet modified its attitude towards undirected reading of the Bible. Between the two the Bible is disappearing from the public schools, while at nome it has been swamped by the indifference and hurry of modern life. The pest hope seems to be that we are in a transition period, and that presently we shall come to recognize again that the Bible is the book of all books for children. Then we shall restore it to its place in the life of the child, without worrying ourselves to consider what modes of literature it includes, or to plan for its "restora-tion to the intellect." The first thing to accomplish is to make it again an inextricable port of the affections and the

thought of the growing child.

Choate's Winning Reply. Saturday Evening Post. "That reminds me," laughed the senator, "of a claim that I was once interested in, and when it had dragged along, and finally looked as if it would fail, and finally it did fail before the controller, I carried it to the Supreme Court and got Joe Choate to come down and argue it for me. Well the day that Choate made his argument the controller, of course, was present to and was making a strong, clear showing and claiming everything under the sun for our side, when one of the justices interrupted him and asked: "'If this claim is as clear as your argu ment and your brief would show, why has

it come before this court?" "'Why, your honor,' replied Choate, with all the suavity of manner of which he possessed to an unusual degree, 'it has been brought before this honorable body because, and here he swept his eyes over the controller, 'a small-headed tack,' and asured off on his finger an in of government and clogged them, hence And the senator finished with a hearty laugh at the reco

AN INCIDENT OF A CONTEST ON SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

Its Sequel Told by a Commercial Traeler. Who Came North to Be Best Man at the Wedding.

New York Times. "Yes, sir, a little nerve will do most anything," observed the traveling man positively to the night clerk at one of the Broadway hotels the other evening after toriously. We had reached the end of the the Boer war, the Philippine policy and the diverging tracks, just as our vis-a-vis Bryan's compaign had been discussed to a cast an exultant smile at us and waved

The clerk gently shoved the other's elbow off the register and received the signature of a belated arrival. The new guest having been sent up on the elevator, the clerk replaced the pen behind his ear and awaited the story quietly.

"Now take my own case, for instance," continued the traveling salesman, confidently. "Nerve and circumstances are responsible for my run up to the metropolis when my territory extends only through the Southern States, and I'm selling for a Cincinnati concern at that. Pretty good story, and you're getting it first hand. Fact. I haven't begun unloading it on the trade yet.

"Now, this particular case of the exercise of nerve amounting almost to genius revolves about a friend of mine who sees the South for a Chicago harness house. About two years ago we found ourselves one summer afternoon on the Brunswick branch of the Southern Railroad, bound from Chatta- | t nooga to Atlanta. We sat in the smoker talking shop and smoking bad cigars until has a right to do anything she can do well. we got to Dalton, Ga., a shady, sleepy little one-horse place, its principal excuse for existence being that two important railway lines run through it. The trains of the Southern and the Western and Atlantic

guess we'll go up to the top of the hill; the single tracks of the two rival lines run try. So near together are the rails of the two rival roads that the cars of the trains running side by side appear to almost touch sides. We had not particularly noticed this fact before, but we will never forget it have. But it is said that her nature is so won't be allowed to, I guess.

ments rise everywhere on cultivated THE CROWD'S UNWONTED INTEREST. ground. And yet, "Bull Run," with its "On this particular afternoon we noticed rough stone shafts, is of greater fascination to many veterans, for here occurred that the population of Dalton gathered about the Union Station in groups of softspoken, felt-hatted young and old men, young ladies looking mighty clean and pretty in lawn and muslin, and slouching, smiling negroes seemed to display a little the fresh air and sunlight. more interest than usual.

"Our train had just come to a standstill when a passenger train of the Western & Atlantic rumbled in on the other track eral optimism to fall back on. His only our right, with the locomotive bell ringing passengers entered our car, one, a grayhaired man past middle age, with a broadbrimmed light hat, seated himself behind be, indeed, only another symptom of the us and stuck his head out of the window "'Jedge, I hope to take yo' money, sah, ing. Five years ago, in commenting on Mr. he observed to a gray-whiskered man on

"'All right, Cu'n'l,' responded the other cheerfully. 'I know you do, but I reckon you will be disappointed this trip. "The same sort of bantering was going on all over the station, and there was Even the conductor on our train had a sort of preoccupied air. We noticed this, but thought possibly it referred to the outcome of some sporting event at one of the country fairs, and paid no more attention to it for the moment. "'All aboa'd,' sang out the conductor of

"'All aboa'd,' came almost instantly from the Western & Atlantic conductor. "The engines of both trains gave a vigorous puff and then a rapid succession o them as their driving wheels slipped on the rails. We were off together, and gathered headway unusually quickly. The two engines almost puffed in unison as we

cleared the station shed and got out into | tice-that for work equally well, if not bet-"'When is that darned train going get out of my light,' exclaimed my friend, who was sitting with a comic paper in his hand on the end of the seat nearest the window facing the W. & A. train.

roundhouse and railway shops, through the little field of tracks and switches, the W. & A. train keeping beside us. We cleared the last little warehouses, and then the negro huts, with their | cities are accessory to these abominations, family groups, waved the customary frantic adieu, and reached the open country. The chug-a-chug of our engine had become so rapid that it had merged into one long there a God? Will there be a judgment? I We have not learned. There may be some monds. The fire and play of color revealed big oak you will see the effects of the fire English-speaking races. To insist that continuous hiss, and we could feel our tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's special reason why the Sunday links

THE CARS KEPT SIDE BY SIDE. "We looked across the aisle through the and trees and telegraph poles fly by like to our right we seemed to be standing still train that had stood opposite us tion. It was rocking heavily, but seemed window opposite us would slowly go ahead a few inches and then recede as much. pulled off my hat and looked down between the two cars. The strip of ground between Of practical remedies for our present de- the tracks was floating by like a trembling ribbon, and the ends of the cros solid black border to the ribbon of white. Passengers in our car began to wake up and wonder what made the car rock so and to ask each other what the matter

"The conductor entered the front of the service while the teachers are on the car and made his way down the aisle, hold- transports. The expedition will be accoming on to the back of the seats and taking tickets as he came. The colonel him hailed him familiarly and excitedly. "'By gad, Tom, but Bud Devine is lift-ing her along,' he shouted above the roar of the trains.

"'He is, Sah. He is indeed letting her out!' replied the conductor, smiling grimly. " 'I observe, though,' continued the col onel uneasily, 'that the representative of this soulless corporation on our right is doing likewise'--and the din shut out his

level stretch of road and that there was 'money up' on it. Everybody was awake now and some were excited. One old lady was becoming seasick with the rocking of the car. One thin old man who wore a rates. skull cap shouted that it was a shame to allow it, but the majority were keyed up with the excitement of the situation. "We had flown on for about four miles of the six, and the landscape on our left whizzed by in a greenish blur, splotche with yellow and brown. On our right was always the self-same car, falling behind a few inches now and then, but always forging up again with wearisome persistency. Passengers in the two cars tried to shout defiance at each other across the intervening space of a couple of feet, but their voices were drowned in the roar of

A FACE IN THE OPPOSITE WINDOW. was about twenty-two, I judge, and from those young women who go in for athletics and outdoor sports that have a little element of danger in them. Her patrician tiful black hair. Her cheeks were tinted a deep red, and her eyes blazed with the

ahead a few inches, the young woman could not repress an exultant glance at our window, and when, as always happened, it came slowly back, she showed keen dis-appointment. My friend next the window and our vis-a-vis began to exchange glances of defiance.

"Right here is where my friend's colossal nerve came in. Taking out a card, he wrote upon it, 'Must leave you now,' and leaning out of the window with that innocent, harmless look that has disarmed many a stubborn harness dealer, thrust it into the girl's hand. The W. & A. train lost six inches here, but a few seconds later the window with the picture in it again came up opposite us, and this time she had a bit of white in her hand. My friend reached out again in the whistling air current between the cars and clutched it. It was her dainty eard, and on it was: 'Why? Are you going back?' "He put it in his pocket quickly and just

then the W. & A. train forged ahead half a dozen feet and its engine screamed viccourse, and the two trains shot away or her hand. We had lost the race. "This did not end it for my friend, however. I didn't see him for nearly nine months, and then he looked kind of foolish when I mentioned that railroad race to him. Six months ago he wrote to me at Cincinnati that he had won the race after all. The girl was a New Yorker, he said. who was on her way to Florida two years ago with her mother, and was on the W. & A. train. He got her card during the race, which, by the way, cost several train

employes their places, and had begun a correspondence in fun. "Now I am on here as best man, and I guess they are going to race on down life's track on the same train. Tell you more about it next week. Just as I said, though. Nerve's the thing," and the best man heaved a sigh and went on up to bed.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

Rev. Mr. Talmage Speaks Eloquenti: in Their Behalf.

From Report of Lecture. Society is to be reconstructed on the subect of woman's toil. A vast majority of those who would have woman industrious shut her up to a few kinds of work. My judgment in this matter is that a woman There should be no department of merchandise, mechanism, art, or science barred against her. If Miss Hosmer has genius for sculpture, give her a chisel. If Rosa Bonheur has a fondness for delineating animals, let her make "The Horse Fair.' If Miss Mitchell will study as-

tronomy, let her mount the starry ladder. purple. If Lucretia Mott will preach the ospel, let her thrill with her wonmanly eloquence the Quaker meeting house. "It is said, if woman is given such opportunities, she will occupy places that | _______ say, if she might be taken by men. I have more skill and adaptedness for any position than a man has, let her have it! She has as much right to her bread, to her apparel, and to her home, as men again. At least, my friend won't, for he | delicate that she is unfitted for exhausting toil. I ask, in the name of all past history, what toil on earth is more severe, exhausting, and tremendous than that toil of the needle to which for ages she has been subjected? The battering-ram, the sword, the carbine, the battle-ax have made no such havoc as the needle. I would that these living sepulchers in which women have for ages been buried might be opened, and that some resurrection trumpet might bring up these living corpses to

> "Go with me and I will show you woman who by hardest toil supports her children, her drunken husband, her old father and mother, pays her house rent, always has wholesome food on her table, the Sabbath to come in and take care of her family, appears in church with hat and cloak that are far from indicating the toil to which she is subjected. Such woman as that has body and soul enough to fit her for any position. She could stand beside the majority of your salesmen and dispose of more goods. She could go into your wheelwright shops and beat on-half of your workmen at making carriages. We talk about women though we had resigned to her all the light work, and ourselves had shouldered the heavier. But the day of judgment, which will reveal the sufferings of the stake and Inquisition, will marshal before the throne of God and the hierarchs of heaven the martyrs of wash-tub and Now, I say, if there be any preference in occupation, let woman have it God knows her trials are the severest By her acuter sensitiveness to misfortune by her hour of anguish, I demand that no one hedge up her pathway to a livelihood. Oh! the meanness, the despicability of men who begrudge a woman the right to work anywhere in any honorable call-

"I go still further and say that women should have equal compensation with men. By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only twothirds as much pay as men, and in many case only half? Here is the gigantic injuster done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the national government at Washington. Unless it has been recently changed, women clerks in ful. the capital get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive eighteen hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are at this moment in despair about what they are to do. Many of the and from these large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it. Is will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a has thus far taken the trouble to explain city. God will catch these oppressors between the two millstones of his wrath and grind them to powder.

A SCHOOL OF TEACHERS.

Harvard's Summer Course for Cubar

Philadelphia Record.

circular letter signed by the president and

For six weeks and a half from the time of their arrival in Boston the teachers are to be in charge of Harvard University which has made itself responsible, not only for their instruction, but for their board and lodging. The university has assumed this responsibility, relying solely on the hospitality and patriotic generosity of the people of Massachusetts, the university itbe applied to this purpose. The university gives the labor of many of its own officers and servants; the students have given the use of their rooms for the male teachers. and many of the householders of Cambridge will receive the Cuban women into their houses, either gratuitously or at low

The instruction to be provided will include: First, systematic instruction in the English language; second, physical geogra-phy, lectures in Spanish, illustrated by the stereopticon, being given on this subject, and the teaching of the lecture room being enforced by afternoon excursions to localities near by which illustrate the topic; third, American history and, in particular, the history of the Spanish-American colonies; fourth, instruction in two elective subjects will also be offered-a course in botany and a course The cost of these various provisions fo 1,450 persons, including board, will probably be about \$70,000. This letter is an appeal to the community to contribute the

ers, produced not merely by the instruc-tion given, but also by the sight of our people and their homes, cannot fall to be in the highest degree beneficial. As Major

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drive the Spaniards out and leave her to care for herself, with two-thirds of her people unable to read and write, and wholly gnorant of the art of self-government * * * This body of teachers, after their experience here, will carry back more of saving grace for peaceful and prosper ous Cuba than the whole power of the government could accomplish in any other

WHAT SANCTIFIES THE LINKS?

Why Is Sunday Golf Raised Above the Level of Other Games?

Chicago Inter-Ocean. Sunday golf is now played openly on a the links in and around Chicago. What is more, it is played by church members in good and regular standing. There is not a word of complaint at Lake Forest, in Evanston or in Lake View against this condition, although three years ago each of these suburbs protested vigorously against "Sabbath desecration"

by the golf players. So complete has been the revolution in religious circles that it is said the golf players of some fashionable North-side suburbs take their golf outfits to church on Sunday morning, stand them in the lobbies until services are over, and then proceed directly to the links, where they dine and pass the remainder of the day either as players or spectators of the noble game. It seems that the pastors have come to accept Sunday golf either as a necessary evil or an innocent recreation or both. At all events, the absence of all pulpit criticism is evidence of the fact that they have ceased to contend against it. There is nothing harmful in Sunday golf, as the golfers see it; not a thing. The recreation is as innocent of guile as any game could possibly be. It is healthful from both

a physical and a moral viewpoint. But precisely the same is true of Sunday fishing, Sunday hunting, Sunday baseball, Sunday bicycling and Sunday horse racing. Those who find pleasure in Sunday sports of any kind or all kinds are unable to see where there is any harm in them. There is really no harm in a Sunday game of euchre, whist or seven-up, from the cardplayer's viewpoint. Of course, they can be made harmful, but respectable people who like a Sunday game of cards will not confess that the particular game they like could by any possibility be of itself harm-

Yet, of all the Sunday games, Sunday golf is the only one thus far recognized, passively, at least, as legitimate by the church. Church members are no longer chided for going to the links or for remaining there, or for returning from the links too late for the Sunday evening servraised above the level of Sunday baseball, bicycling or horse racing we do not know. baseball diamond is sinful, but no pulpit to us what it is. We hope, however, to be enlightened in due time.

Unexpected Response. Washington Post.

cently. The family she has been staying

with is Baptist, and the little girl was

taken to a revival meeting one evening.

most of his attention that evening to the

children. He painted for them a glowing

picture of the next world, and he told them

what they must do to win their way to the

happy land. He explained to them, more-

over, their duty in regard to others. He

told them they must endeavor earnestly to

"For" said he, "think how great a sor-row it would be to think of any of your

dear ones being left out of the heavenly

home. There is not one of them, is there

whom any of you would be willing to

leave behind? Fathers, mothers, brothers,

sisters-would you want to leave any of

His remarks seemed to the congressman's

small daughter to be directed pointedly at

her. She is a very conscientious child, and

"Is there anybody in your family you'd

be willing to leave?" repeated the evan-

"I wouldn't mind leaving Martin," went

on the child; "he's colored, and mamma

says she hopes when she gets away from

Washington she won't have to have a

colored driver ever any more. I know she

wouldn't want to take Martin. We'd just

Model Village of Biltmore.

"Just outside the entrance lodge to the

ltmore estate is the village of Biltmore.

in which is the office of the estate, the rail-

way station and postoffice, and also the

church and rectory. The village does not

amount to much yet, but plans have been

made for its extension. Streets have been

laid out, sewers have been put in, and the

any in North Carolina. The proprietor does

not sell any of the houses, but rents them.

and he has the intention of making it a

general and virtue gets its abundant re-

ward. Model villages have not been re-

markably successful in this country, where

the best of us have a yearning to plant

on soil of our own the vine and fruit tree

hitherto interfered with the model vil-

lage just as it will hinder the growth of

the sirgle tax propaganda. But Mr. Van-derbilt may succeed in Biltmore, the houses of which are now supplied with modern conveniences of the most recent and im-

proved sort. They not only have their nouses lighted with electricity in Biltmore

der which we live. That disposition has

The evangelist looked shocked

as soon leave him behind."

Ainslee's Magazine.

she felt it incumbent on her to say some-

bring all their friends to the light.

them out?"

The small daughter of a Pennsylvania congressman has been making a visit to her mother's kinsfolk in West Virginia re-

The following particulars relating to the trip of the Cuban teachers to the United States are derived from a recently issued

fellows of Harvard College. Five government transports sailing from different ports of Cuba will bring to Boston, about July 1, 1,450 Cuban teachers selected from all parts of the island, rural as tend a summer school at Harvard University. The United States government proage to Boston and return from New York to Cuba, and furnishes meals and panied by five surgeons and by several

ladies of distinction.

on kindergarten instruction

roposed to carry the Cuban teachers lagara, Chicago and Washington, and thence to New York. The cost of this jourey is to be separately provided for.
The effect of this expedition on the teach General Wood says, in a telegram an nouncing the completion of the arrange ments: "In no better way can the

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